THE PROSPECTOR.

Filled with hope and flushed with health,
With wistful eye and willing hand,
He hunts for nature's hoarded wealth
From mountain crest to ocean strand

Around the camp fire oft he lies,
In northern lands of ice and snow;
Again, he sleeps 'neath southern skies,
Where soft the tropic breezes blow.

He braves the thirst, and stakes his claim
Upon the burning desert's sands
And risks the red marauder's aim,
And bandits bold, in Aztec lands.

The smudge he lights, at eventide,
And slings his hammock 'neath the tree
Where sweeps the Orinoco, wide,
To wed the blue-waved Carribee.

On Afric's dark and distant shore,
From peak to plain, from brook to bay,
'Mid serpents' hiss and lion's roar,
He seeks the lustrous diamond's ray.

On far Australia's lonely soil,
When low the sun sinks in the west,
O'ercome by travel or by toil,
Reclining on the ground, at rest.

When naught is heard but the Dingo's cry,
And the owl and bat flit to and fro,
He draws a sigh for the times, gone by,
Of Ballarat and Bendigo.

When on the hills the twilight falls,
In the "sun-kissed land of flower and vine,"
With old-time friends he oft recalls
Those golden days of '49.

When armed with shovel, pick and pan,
They thither came from lands afar,
And sluices set and rockers ran
From Sutter's mill to Sawyer's bar.

Where sovereign state and nation stand
And spired cities proudly rear,
There he is found, the foremost man,
The patriot and the pioneer.

With fearless heart and hopeful breast,
And naught but fortune in his mind;
North and south and east and west
He seeks until he strikes his find.

—Charles P. Holt.

His Wife's Confession.

BY MARIAN BRECK.

When Harold Wilton married Edith Morse he knew very little about her past life. Indeed, she was so young, so like a flower that had but just fairly unfolded, that it was hard to realize that she had any past. It seemed to him when he found her sitting opposite to him one morning at the table, at a summer resort in the mountains, that she was a new Eve created for him alone; and as they were the only young folks in the house there was no one to dispute his claim.

There are people, no doubt, who would have hesitated to admit that Edith was beautiful, she was so unlike the brilliant brunette who sat next to her,—just as there are people who think an opal not worth looking at in comparison with a diamond; but young Wilton, who, without being conscious of it, was a poet and an artist, found an endless charm in the quick kindling of the frank blue eyes, and the coming and going of the dimples in the delicate nunlike face.

Had any one told him that she had grown up among the sand dunes he would hardly have believed it, for, with the grace and sweetness of a wild rose, she had are finement of voice and manner that told unmistakably of gentle breeding. Yet until the last two years, her home, from the time she was in short frocks, had been in the little village of Hardacre at the far end of Long Island, and, if her cousin had not chanced to discover her, she would surely never have found her way to this mountain paradise.

This cousin, two degrees removed, was a wealthy widow, who, on finding that the girl was an orphan, had at once adopted her. She was an elderly woman, and, having no child of her own, she had hoped to keep Edith with her for the rest of her days; but Cupid, when two young hearts are in his meshes, has scant consideration for the hopes and plans of the old; and presently Harold, with a becoming sense of his unworthiness, was begging for Edith's hand,—her heart, he was sure, was his already.

The young lovers never suspected the pang it cost the new mother to give her consent to their marriage, they were too thoroughly engrossed with each other. Harold was a fine fellow, and came of good stock; she knew all about his antecedents, and had no fault whatever to find with him; but it seemed hard that he should so soon rob her of this sweet daughter. It did not occur to her that there was any necessity of explaining to him how she came to adopt her. If he truly loved her, it would matter little to him how or where she had blossomed into this perfect flower of womanhood. And Edith herself was too happy to dwell on the past. It is chiefly the old who spend time in retrospection.

But when, on their return from the wedding journey, Harold took her to his city home, she began to be troubled. It was a stately old mansion, overflowing with rare books and works of art; and Edith was half beside herself. All her life she had been hungry for things of this sort, and her intelligent appreciation gave Harold fresh cause to congraculate himself, for he knew very well what his Grandmother Wilton would have thought of him if he had married a [illegible]ble to discriminate between [illegible]piece and a daub.

[illegible]was especially fascinated by [illegible]y portraits; and Harold, as [illegible] the rounds of the gallery, [illegible] the traditionary lore concerning the different ancestors, until she felt that she was intimately acquainted with them. This was his great-grandfather, and brother-in-law of the Governor;—and this his great-grandaunt, the Governor's wife.

"And here," he said, with a shrug, "is another great-grandaunt, by marriage, a handsome high-stepping dame, if the painting is to be trusted, yet not a thoroughbred, according to my notion, for she deliberately separated from her husband to marry another man, a Sir Guy Somebody, who was rich and—beastly. She went abroad with him and never came back, fortunately. But Grandmother Wilton is very fond of the portrait."

Edith did not wonder at that, it was so superbly painted. But the story made her look at it in a different light.

One picture that particularly interested her was that of a fine-featured old man, with a crutch at his side. It was hung in an obscure corner, and Harold passed it with the brief mention that it was the portrait of a remote relative, a soldier in the Revolution. Edith lingered for another look.

"He has a grand face," she said, "I wish we knew something more about him."

"I've no doubt he was a grand man," Harold answered her, with a droll smile. "But Grandmother Wilton relegated him this out-of-the-way nook because, coming home from the war lame and penniless, he disgraced the name, rather than ask the poverty-stricken government for his pay,—don't for the world hint that you know it,—by turning cobbler. Think of it! a Wilton with a cobbler's sign in his window! Poor grandma! It nearly used her up when she made the discovery, she had taken such pride in the belief that there was never a mechanic nor a working person of any sort in either branch of the family."

"The dear old patriot!" cried the girl. Then, suddenly realizing the nature and degree of the Wilton pride, she turned to her husband with a grave face.

"Harold," she said, "I have a confession to make. It will shock you, but I think you ought to know it. I'm afraid you will scarcely forgive me for not telling you before."

"Oh, come!" protested Harold. For what could this clear-eyed creature have to confess that would in any way tax his powers of forgiveness? To be sure, he remembered, he knew nothing of her past beyond the fact that she was the daughter of a college professor, but that had seemed quite enough, and he had repeated the information to his relatives with no little satisfaction when they asked the inevitable question, "Who is she?" But she was so much in earnest that he was compelled to listen.

"I was very young when we left the city," she began. "Papa had been over-working in the college, and the doctors said he must go to some quiet place on the seashore and rest for a year or two; so we went to Hardacre. It is a mere fishing hamlet, and so quiet thet it seemed as if we had reached the place

Where one eternal Sabbath reigns!

"The people were very kind to us, and the sea was almost at our door. Papa liked it. He grew stronger every day, and at the end of the second summer he thought he was well enough to go back. But while he was making his arrangements, he was seized with what seemed to be a fainting turn. But it proved to be—the end."

The gathering tears made a break in her voice, and Harold, in quick sympathy, would have taken her in his arms. But she drew away from him.

"Wait till you hear the rest," she said. "The doctor called it heart disease. And before mamma had rallied from the shock, news came of the failure of the bank in which papa had his money. It was not a large amount but it would have supported us very comfortably. After that poor mamma had to struggle along the best she could. She was too independent to go back to the city, and be a burden to her friends, so we stayed in Hardacre; and by the time I was able to be earning something, her health gave way. And very soon she too was taken from me,

"She had trained me for a teacher, but the Hardacre school was supplied, and I had not got the heart to go elsewhere. Hardacre was my home. I had a piano, and mamma had thought I might be able to get a few scholars; but there was scarcely a family in the place that could afford to pay for lessons. It was the same with private instructions of any kind, and I was almost in despair. There was a man who came there in summer—a rich man, I think, for he always brought his carrage and coachman—he wanted me to marry him, but I couldn't, for I didn't love him."

"I should hope not!" blurted Harold. "I—"

"Oh, please don't interrupt me," she entreated, "or I shan't be able to tell the rest. My Hardacre friends thought I was very foolish to refuse him, knowing how little I had to live on: but at last I found something to do, something that brought me money. But, O Harold, I ought to have told you before you married me!"

"Go on," said Harold, visibly bracing himself.

"Perhaps," she continued, "it wouldn't have been so easy for me if I had not been so fond of everything pretty and dainty. Actually, Harold, strange as it may seem to you, I enjoyed it, for it's next to being an artist, Harold, to be a—a good milliner."

Serious as the confession had seemed to her before beginning it, by the time she reached the end the dimples were trying to assert themselves; but Harold saw nothing but the tears on the downcast lashes, and with a sudden rebound from a dread of he knew not what, he caught her in his arms.

"You little goose!" he cried. "You precious little goose! What if you had married that man! Some girls wouldn't have hesitated a minute, if they'd had to choose between marrying a man they didn't love and making bonnets for a living. You brave darling!"

"But what will your grandmother say, Harold?"

"I declare," he exclaimed, "I had almost forgotten that I had a grandmother. Suppose," he went on hesitatingly, with kisses for commas, "suppose we don't tell her. Poor old lady! she hasn't long to stay, and it isn't worth while to distress her. I'm afraid she would almost think there was nothing left worth living for."

So they kept the dreaded secret to themselves; and old Madam Wilton lived out the full measure of her days, and died peacefully in her bed, not knowing that the family had been a second time disgraced.—The Housewife.

THE WHISTLING LANGUAGE.

Strange Long-Distance Speech of the Shepherds of Teneriffe.

Have you ever heard of the so-called "whistling language" of Teneriffe? The probabilities are that you never have. Yet this curious method of speech—if indeed one can so describe it—dates from prehistoric times.

The shepherd folk of Teneriffe and Gomera use the "whistling language," and the first recorded notice of it was made by a French traveler as far back as 1455. Since then stray wanderers have called the world's attention, at long intervals, to the "language." Some years ago, while roaming, with staff and scrip, through ravines and over the wild mountain ranges of Teneriffe, it fell to the writer's lot to hear the shepherds thus conversing. By placing two or three fingers in the mouth it is possible to make the whistle carry to a distance of three miles, or thereabouts. The lonely hills seem silent and deserted, when suddenly out of the far distance came a long, drawn and very shrill whistle—the summons to a conversation. In reply, a similar call strikes piercingly on the ear from the opposite direction. The whistlers are widely separated, but have no intention of being lonely. Perhaps they are having some difficulty with their flocks. Perhaps they are merely resting a while after the dinner of black bread and onions. At any rate, if you listen, you will soon hear them in the thick of an earnest chat, a chat between friends three miles or more separated.

Logeard, the well known French savant, has conclusively proved that the whistling is in Spanish. Easy words are taken, and the sounds imitated by the whistlers. Long practice and heredity have given the shepherds extraordinary skill in whistling and understanding the Spanish. Their vocabulary is quite a long one, and, in addition, they have a regular code of graduated notes, which convey telegraphically what they cannot satisfactorily reproduce in the ordinary manner.

The writer heard three parties of shepherds exchange their hopes and fears regarding the weather by this means. On another occasion he heard an invitation to a dance sent in the "whistling language" across a stretch of country exceeding five and one-quarter kilometers. The young boys, and even the girls, are adepts at the language," and the very sheep appear to understand whistled commands at a considerable distance. It is no unusnal thing to find two boys or a pair of the sturdy little mountain lasses of Teneriffe, standing by the parental cottages, and thus conversing across wide ravine and rugged height, without even catching a glimpse of one another all the time. In fact, the whistling language, dating as it does, from before 1450, makes one wonder whether the telephone is such a modern marvel after all.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

France and Russia.

According to the Figaro, the president of the republic has ordered from one of the leading goldsmiths in Paris an object of art as a funeral emblem which he intends to place on the tomb of the Czar Alexander III in token of the affection which France entertained for the deceased emperor, and in recognition of the incessant efforts of the Russian sovereign to render more durable the understanding between France and Russia.

The first bicycle ever seen in Morocco is astonishing the natives. The pioneer cyclist is an Englishman, who is ob iged to use a specially strong machine, as the roads in Morocco are very bad.

RECRUITS FOR THE ARMY.

A VISIT TO THE RECRUITING OFFICE IN NEW YORK.

There Are Many More Applicants for Enlistment Than Places to Be Filled—Precautions Taken to Secure Good Men—Searching Physical Examination.

Hundreds of young men apply for enlistment every week at the United States Recruiting office on Ninth street. The universal impression seems to be that if a man is good for nothing in any other walk of life he will do for a soldier. This is wrong, for in no service in the world is there a more rigid physical examination than there is for the United States army. Added to this, a young man must prove to the satisfaction of the recruiting officer that he is of good moral character. The reason for such precautions is that the applicants are more numerous than the existing vacancies in the ranks, and the military authorities can afford to be ultra-fastidious in the selection of Uncle Sam's boys in blue.

A visitor recently spent a morning in the office and watched the stream of men as they filed in and out—mostly out—for the corporal in charge knows his business and transacts it with judgment and despatch, sizing up a man in a moment.

It was 9.30 o'clock when a heavy, lumbering, uncertain footstep was heard on the stairs, and a young man fairly well dressed lurched into the room. Without waiting for him to speak the old corporal said:

"Go home and sleep it off—we want no jags here, young fellow."

Without a word the man turned and stumbled downstairs again.

"Why did I turn him away?" asked the corporal. "Would you employ a man in civil life who applied for a situation when he was drunk? It's the same thing here. We have drunkards in the army, but they were sober when they enlisted."

"But suppose he comes in tomorrow sober, would that make any difference?"

"Not the slightest. To give you some idea of the choice we have, from January to August of this year there were 4180 applicants, or about 523 men every month. Of these, 142 only were accepted, the rest having failed in the physical examination or inquiries made into their character proving unsatisfactory."

"What is the nature of the physical examination?"

"That is extremely severe and searching. When we think a man is fit for the service we take him in the back room and have him strip. The recruiting officer then examines him. His eyesight is tested, his teeth examined and a careful inspection made of his whole body to see that there are no physical defects such as cross or hammer toes. If he passes this inspection he is allowed to remain in the office until the regular medical examining officer arrives, when the applicant undergoes a second and still more searching inspection. If all is satisfactory the recruit is sent away with the next batch of recruits that starts for the West. On arrival at his regiment he may even then be rejected on account of some defect which may have been overlooked here. But this seldom or never happens."

"As a rule, are not the men who enlist desperate men who, having tried every other means of gaining a livelihood, have no alternative, and enlist in despair for something to eat?"

"By no means. Of course we have some of that class, but as a rule the young fellows who join do so because they want to see something more of their own country than they would otherwise have a chance of doing, and who are willing enough to give three years of their lives to that end. Very many of these young men re-enlist for a second term, and generally they make good soldiers. A few years of soldiering is a good thing for a young man."

"Do you have many cases of men deserting after they have been sworn in?"

"In the three years that I have been in charge here I have only had one such case, and I didn't bother after him further than to send a description of him to the police, and they would not be likely to trouble themselves, as the reward for giving up a deserter has been reduced from $30 to $10, and that is not much of a temptation. Of course, men desert from their regiments from various causes, but we have nothing to do with that here. But, as I have already said, the selection of men is so carefully made that we know pretty nearly all about a man's antecedents. Three men are going to San Francisco today, and we have two men awaiting a decision from the adjutant general as to whether they are to be received or not on account of a slight physical disability, on account of which the medical examining officer declines to take the responsibility of passing them."

"What are the chances of promotion?"

"If a man is steady and intelligent he is just as sure to rise as he is in any other walk of life. Some men, of course, for some reason, rise more rapidly than others; but all have the same chances."

"How about the chances of rising from the ranks?"

"There is a better chance now for a man to obtain a commission than there was when I entered the service twenty-eight years ago, and I see by the papers that a good many enlisted men have gained the shoulder straps, but then we know nothing about that here."—New York Sun.

NOVEL USES OF THE TELEPHONE.

Utilized in Legal Proceedings—Its Help in Conducting Sunday School Services.

Of late the telephone has been utilized to a considerable extent in legal proceedings. Affidavits have been sworn to, acknowledgments have been taken, and in one case at least testimony has been received by telephone. The last innovation must be credited to Fort Scott, Kan., where two witnesses, described as prominent business men, were permitted to give evidence in this manner, the attorneys stipulating that no objection should be taken to this unusual proceeding.

Another case that has attracted unusual attention is reported from New York, where an affidavit which had been telephoned from Cincinnati and acknowledged over the wire was accepted in the supreme court as sufficient ground for the issuance of an attachment involving a considerable sum of money. The proceedings were unusual and interesting. The facts were telephoned from Cincinnati over a long-distance telephone line, an affidavit was prepared at the New York end of the line and read to the complainant, who was standing at the telephone in Cincinnati, where in the presence of witnesses he made the required acknowledgment. It was still necessasy to have some one in New York talk with the complainant and positively identify his voice. This was done, the papers were filed and the attachment issued. The interested parties announced that several days' delay had been avoided by utilizing the telephone, and by this prompt action it was possible to have a judgment satisfied which it might have been difficult otherwise to accomplish.

Many important transactions have hinged upon telephone messages, and the courts have long since recognized their admissibility as evidence under proper restrictions. Probably the first instance of this kind, and at any rate, the most notable early example of the telephone in law, was the part played in securing the conviction of Ferdinand Ward, Gen. Grant's partner, in 1885. On Oct. 26 of that year James D. Fish, who had been convicted of wrecking the Marine national bank of New York and was at that time serving a term of ten years at Sing Sing, testified that he had received instructions from Ward by telephone regarding the disposition of certain securities amounting to $150,000. Ward's attorneys, General Tracy and Bourke Cockran, objected strenuously to the admission of this testimony, but Justice Barrett decided against them. It may be interesting to recall the fact that Benjamin Fish, a brother of the convicted president of the Marine bank, in support of the testimony already mentioned, declared under oath that he had stood within eighteen inches of the telephone while his brother was talking to Ward, and that he heard the latter's voice distinctly and recognized it. When the attorneys for Ward declared that this statement was ridiculous the prosecution produced a letter that Ward had written to Fish, complaining that every one in the room where the telephone was placed could hear the conversation. The prosecution relied upon the telephone message to convict Ward, and when an appeal was taken after Ward's sentence to ten years' imprisonment Justice Barrett's decision admitting the telephone message was sustained.

Another striking example of the novel uses to which the telephone may be put, but an entirely different line from those mentioned, was afforded by a remarkable session of a Sunday school at Wichita, Kan., where the superintendent, who was confined to his bed, conducted the services without the slightest hitch, by means of an unusually sensitive telephone. The church and residence were connected by telephone, and three megaphones were employed—one at the head of the superintendent's bed, one suspended from the centre of the church and one in front of the pulpit. The superintendent's voice was distinctly heard by the congregation as he said "Good morning" and announced the routine work of the school. He called for his favorite songs, and they were borne to his ear with all their melody and volume. He joined in them heartily, and at the close of the service he told the scholors that if they had enjoyed the hour as much as he had it was the grandest Sunday school session they had ever had.

Talking It Over.

Myrtle—They say that you made a regular fool of Algy Piersons at the islands last week.

Maud—No, they are wrong. I might have done it, but for one thing.

Myrtle—What was that?

Maud—Somebody had finished t job before I got hold of him.—Cle land Leader.